April 11- 1917

Asheham,
Rodmell
Lewes.

Tuesday

My Violet.

It was very nice to read - or rather decipher - your very distinguished hand again. I wish you would write oftener; but it almost impossible to write letters. I can only just manage it now that our visitors have gone. We have talked incessantly for 5 days; one was a very minute, half starved barrister with views upon every political question — indeed upon every possible question; the other was one of the Strachey's who has taken to board school teaching, & had to argue the whole question of Education. What a mercy it is when one's friends do! But we were hoping that you would come down to Richmond. Could it be arranged, or are you settled now for the summer?

I didn't honestly think that Lady Newton had made the best of her Lyme papers: the truth was that the Legh's were almost invariably stupid — which accounts, I suppose, for their centuries of life on the same spot. Do you know them in the flesh? I should like immensely

to write a book of that sort, if someone would trust one to tell the truth about their relations. It's so queer the sentiment one had for them. If you have got Mrs Lyttelton, do hand her on to me. I know it a base pleasure that one takes in these indecent revelations — why do they do it? But if they enjoy it, I dont see why we shouldn't. Was Alfred a fraud? — half a fraud, I suppose; a sort of glorified George, a much nicer George — but still in that line of business. But I know nothing about it. Nessa & Duncan came over yesterday, having previously washed themselves, & then went back in a storm late at night to help & hatch up out of their eggs, for they were heard quacking inside, & couldn't break through. Nessa seems to have slipped civilization off her back, & plays about entirely nude, without shame, & enormous spirit. Indeed, Cline now takes up the line that she has ceased to be a presentable lady — I think it all works admirably. The wind rages incessantly, & Leonard spends his day cutting up the fallen trees. We live on the wood, which smells so delicious. I am trying to read Conrad's new book, but owing to Cooles talk, I haven't got far. Now we are going to Lewes to buy some plants — for the summer. Potatoes there are none. However, the old ewes give birth nightly behind Lardles at the back of the house. & all day the Lambs kep up an extraordinary loud noise. I hope I shall see you again soon — We have bought our Press! At We don't know how to work it, but now I must find some young novelists or poets. Do you know any? Leonard sends his love. & says he hopes you will come & see us. I liked my tea much - Yrs.

Telephone:
Richmond 496.

Hogarth House
Paradise Road
Richmond
Surrey.

July 21st 1917

My Violet,

We are very glad you like the book. It is tremendous fun doing it, & we are now in treaty for a much larger press, & mean to take it up seriously & produce novels & with it. & we are even getting an apprentice!

We are nearly at an end your copies, & have raised the price from 1/6 to 2/- If you want 4 in spite of the price, we will send them to you. It has been quite a success. One of the greatest helps in doing it was that table you gave me, which rears up, so that one can put the drawers of type on a the slope, & sit in front of it. I don't know what we should have done without it.

We go to Asheham on the 3rd. Shall you be in Sussex at all? If so, couldn't you drop in upon us?

Leonard sends his love.

Yrs V.W.

Telephone:
Richmond 496.

July 26th 1917.

Hogarth House
Paradise Road
Richmond
Surrey.

My Violet,

I am sending you one copy today. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't have 3 more if you want them. We have about 10 left, & if you want any more, will you write at once, as we are still getting orders, & shall be sold out (we have broken up the type & can't print any more)

By the way, they are only 2/ a copy, not 2/3.

Give my love to the wicked Walter if you ever see him - I wish I ever did - I'm sure my morals would have been worse -

Yr V.W.

Hogarth House
Richmond.

Jan. 14th 1918

My Violet.

Leonard's brother has gone on very well - in fact I think he's leaving his convalescent home this week - I'm afraid he's pretty wretched. They had always done everything together & I dont know how he'll set on alone.

We are hard at work printing a long story by a woman called Katherine Mansfield. I think it'll be out by Easter, & I shall come round with my wares like a peddlar. It's very good I think; but

the publishers wouldn't take it.
I hear about once a month from
Aunt Menna. She is generally
under the impression that
we're coming to stay with her
for the week end. Why should
she ever die? It seems to
me that no Duckworth need
ever give way.

Shall you ever come & see
us again? We are
increasing our printing stock
largely.

L. sends his love. Hope to see you

Yrs Sp:

Hogarth House
Paradise Road
Richmond

10th June. 1918.

My Violet,

It was very noble of you to buy two copies of Katherine Mansfield's book. I hope you'll like it — & I think you will. She is a woman from New Zealand with a passion for writing, & she's had every sort of experience, wandering about with travelling circuses over the moors of Scotland, & has kept herself by writing stories in the New Age; but this is much the best thing she's yet done.

We've been at Asheham, & come back again. I saw Nessa while I was there in the midst of a whole colony of hares, rabbits, chickens & pigs. She has also a tutor & a governess, 2 children besides her own

as boarders, & two others as day boys.
She runs it all with small girls from
the village to help - a cook who
calls everyone by their Christian names —
in fact I never saw such a
jumble.

NYPL

Leonard is working tremendously
hard, & he spends all his spare
time printing, which becomes more
& more fascinating.
We shall put in the basement.
We both think it high time you
came & saw us, but I suppose we
probably won't meet till the
course of nature has opened either
your grave or mine. But you
will bring a small bunch of
flowers to drop when the coffin; won't
you? I went to see Aunt Minnie the
other day; & her grave still seems
fairly far off. In fact she's just
taken on her house for another 5 years.

Yrs: Leonard sends his
love.